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SLOGAN FOR W. J. BRYAN.

First in War! (1898).
First in Peace! (1915).
First in the limelight! (always).

TO SAVE THE WILDS.

THERE seems good reason to hope that the State forests will be saved from the designs of lumber and development interests.

The Committee on Conservation will report to the Constitutional Convention in favor of retaining the provision of the present Constitution which says that all lands now owned or hereafter acquired by the State within the forest preserve as now constituted shall forever be kept as wild forest. The committee favors making the Conservation Commission a constitutional department with a single head appointed by the Governor.

The State's natural woodlands have needed vigilant defense. How vigilant is shown by a tendency to construe the present section of the Constitution as forbidding even the cutting of dead timber or the removal of fallen trees. It is believed that this restriction can safely be removed.

More and more the people of the State grow to value the beauty of its native wilds. Public sentiment becomes their trustiest guard. If the Convention adopts the present plan they will be regarded, from a utilitarian point of view, only as possible water supply areas—particularly the Adirondacks—for this or other cities. Otherwise they will be preserved like parks, with only the removal of dead wood to aid Nature's clean-up.

THE HART'S ISLAND INVESTIGATION.

IT IS to be regretted that Miss Katherine B. Davis, Commissioner of Correction, should see fit to display so much resentment at a Grand Jury investigation into the state of discipline at the Hart's Island House of Refuge, where forty-six young dope fiends poisoned themselves last Sunday with a concoction of drugs stolen from the infirmary.

Because they were addicted to drugs these boys should have been under special watch. Conditions which made it easy for several of them to break into a medicine chest, grab what they found and distribute it to their companions, surely need looking into.

"If the District Attorney and the Grand Jury want to look up every little case that comes up in the local penal institutions," Commissioner Davis is quoted as saying, "they can do so for all I care, but I shall not permit any of the employees to go to him with complaints unless I have been consulted."

The case is rather more than a little one. Why should a Commissioner of Correction, whose administrative zeal is proven, show pettish annoyance instead of welcome toward any co-operation seeking to increase the efficiency of a public institution?

SUMMER SCHOOLS OF SOLDIERING.

THIS summer two thousand college men are expected to attend the college military camps, the largest of which is at Plattsburg, N. Y. The number is nearly three times that of last year.

The willingness of these young men to give up part of their vacations to strenuous work that will make them of use to their country in time of need is a good sign. Last year only two men in all the camps of this kind in the United States had to be sent home because they could not obey orders. Even in short periods the students get practice in shooting, grounding in military science and a lot of information concerning the nation's military history.

Gen. Wood has said that a few vacations spent in this way can turn out gratifying numbers of trained youngsters fitted to be officers of volunteers. It is estimated that if the country ever needed an army of 500,000 men, about 12,000 new officers would be immediately required to drill the new men into shape. There seems good promise that if such a need ever arises the college boys will be on hand and ready for first call.

THE NEAR SIDE STOP.

DEBATE as to the success or failure of the near side stop ordinance continues. Figures made public by the Safety First Society go to show that while sixty persons were struck and killed by street cars during a period of nine months before the ordinance went into effect, the number killed in this way for the nine months since the rule became operative has decreasd to forty-eight.

Between Sept. 1, 1914, and June 1, 1915, under the new ordinance, there were 168 fewer car collisions, 92 fewer persons struck by cars, 2,696 fewer vehicles struck by cars, 560 fewer persons hurt in boarding cars and 1,274 fewer hurt in alighting.

So far, arguments in favor of the near side stop appear to have the advantage. Objections to the rule are fewer in summer than in winter. Figures such as the above at least make it worth continuing until convenience and safety can accumulate data concerning it that cover all seasons.

Hits From Sharp Wits.

The reason a woman considers that her age is nobody's business is because she knows somebody who would like to find out how old she is.

* * *

"Old B. E. Morse," remarked the Man on the Car, "is a powerful preacher, but too many of his converts backslide."—Toledo Blade.

* * *

The happiest workman is the one who can use yesterday's results for to-day's inspiration.

* * *

Error is human." But there are many ways of proving that we belong to the family.—Toledo Blade.

It would be better for some persons if they had to have credit in order to be able to borrow trouble.

* * *

Many a man who keeps a stiff upper lip against all other misfortune lets out a yell when some of his money disappears.—Albany Journal.

* * *

A woman is always telling her husband that a man doesn't know what it is to be sick.

* * *

After a man gets about so old it keeps him busy trying to rectify the mistakes of his youth.—Omaha World-Herald.

"Keep Going!"

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By J. H. Cassel

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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MR. JARR settled down on the parlor sofa to read the evening paper and felt himself come in contact with a sticky object.

"What's this?" he asked, detaching a green adhesive mass from the sofa.

The "this" in question was irregularly round in shape and about the size and thickness of a silver dollar. A peg of white wood, or what had once been white, about four inches long made a handle to the strange affair, and by its aid Mr. Jarr had detached the mysterious object from the upholstery of the sofa.

"Oh, dear!" said Mrs. Jarr, regarding it in a most melancholy manner. "It's candy. I can't send the children to the store for groceries but what they keep a penny or two from the change and buy that stuff. And then it's left around on the furniture, just ruining everything! How'll I get that spot out, now? How'll I get it out?"

"Whoever did that should get a good whipping!" said Mr. Jarr severely. "Willie is old enough to know better."

"Oh, it wasn't Willie," said Mrs. Jarr. "Willie buys chocolate cigarettes with his pennies. It was Emma. She's just as thoughtless and untidy as you are, and she's always eating that stuff!"

"Call the children in!" said Mr. Jarr.

The children came at a call, and stood in the doorway, abashed, for they knew something was wrong.

"Is this yours?" asked Mr. Jarr, holding up the object and speaking to the little girl. "Did you leave this candy on the sofa?"

The little girl began to whimper, and promptly denied either owning the candy or leaving it on the sofa.

"Is it yours, Willie?" asked Mr. Jarr, turning to the boy.

"Didn't I tell you Willie always gets chocolate cigarettes?" interposed Mrs. Jarr.

"Naw, I don't, maw!" said young hopeful promptly. "Choc'lat' cigarettes is only for babies. I can smoke real cigarettes now!"

"You cannot! Don't say that! I hope mamma's little boy will never do such a thing!" cried Mrs. Jarr.

"Is it yours?" asked Mr. Jarr again of the boy.

"Naw, it ain't!" said the boy in fine scorn. "That's only a lollypop. That's for girls and little kids. I buy 'all-day-suckers.'"

"What?" asked Mr. Jarr, never having heard of this new and strangely named confection.

"All day suckers," replied the boy. "They don't cost any more than lollypops and they're twice as big."

This instance of juvenile economy being coldly received, Mr. Jarr proceeded to read a long moral lesson.

"In the first place, children," said the father, impressively, "I'm not going to whip you this time. But if you ever leave this stuff around spoiling the furniture again I will."

"Of course you are not going to whip them, when it's your pet that did it," said Mrs. Jarr aside to Mr. Jarr.

But the husband and father paid no heed to this and proceeded with his homily:

"In the second place," he resumed, "cheap candy of this sort is not healthful. It will make you sick. Papa will get you good candy. Papa DOES get you good candy."

This statement was received with silent scepticism by the children, and Mr. Jarr continued.

"How much better to put your money in bank, in your toy banks, penny by penny, instead of wasting it on harmful, cheap candy! Soon the pennies will be dollars, and then papa will put them in the savings bank, and when you grow up you will have a lot of money. Small sums soon amount to great ones. The other day somebody brought an order for, I forget how much money that was, I don't know how many years old, to the city and in that time, with interest, it had amounted to, oh, a whole lot of money, just how much I do not remember. So you see how small sums grow."

This argument making, it was apparent, no impression on the little Jarrs, Mr. Jarr said: "You can go play now, and don't do it again! Here's five cents for candy!"

Mr. Jarr Teaches His Two Children Lesson in True New York Economy

Reflections of A Bachelor Girl

By Helen Rowland

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FLIRTING is like "hunting with a camera," all you want is to know that you COULD have bagged your game if you had cared to.

Nothing will make a man's muscles so weak and flabby as a wife who is strong enough to lift things for herself.

The hardest thing about being parted from a wife for the summer is the effort to write those bi-weekly "Darling-I'm-so-lonesome-wish-you-were-here-spent-the-evening-with-Bill-Jones" letters—and do it convincingly.

The ultimate proof of a husband's love is his perfect willingness to let you use his handkerchiefs for wiping off your face cream.

When the devil is weary he introduces a woman who is a little lonely to a man who is a little bored, turns on the moon—and then takes a holiday.

There are just two ways for the summer bachelor to achieve "safety first": By making love to no woman under heaven and by making love to all women under heaven.

One reason why women are better than men is that the average woman is so busy either taking the blame for some man's sins or trying to cure him of them that she hasn't much time to cultivate any of her own.

Woman may be a slave to fashion, but the average man has such a horror of looking or acting "different" that he will even pretend to be wicked because he thinks it looks "odd" to be good.

How CAN a woman trust men after one of them has promised to "anticipate her every wish" and then won't even give her a little thing like a divorce—and be prompt with the alimony?

Warologues

By Alma Woodward

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SCENE—A City Public School, in a cosmopolitan neighborhood.

(It is the occasion of graduation. The boys, in four divisions, are grouped in the rear of the assembly hall, preparatory to marching up to the platform. They are so clean it shows on them! Their adoring parents (mostly mothers) have been arriving since 7 A. M., although the exercises don't start until 10.)

MRS. A. (waving her hand, wildly)—Gussie! Gussie! Ain't it a a shame, Lena? There he stands yet, five from the beginning, and he can't see us. Gussie, look at mamma!

Mrs. N. (in the row ahead)—Anastasia, ye can take the top av me ear if Tim ain't th' likeliest lookin' lad in th' line!

Mrs. C. (who has been silent long enough)—Wava your hand, Malatesta! See-a your brud, Giovanni—

Mrs. D (enthusiastically)—They are a very decent looking lot of boys, aren't they, Mathilde? Of course you never have any trouble picking out the French boys. Just look at Alphonse, for instance. See the look of his shoulders, the poise of his head and his patrician little features.

Mrs. A. (warmly)—To-day shall my Gussie have what best he loves to eat. Only so much like he couldn't hold yet more shall he have. Look Lena—he waves once! Ach, that mein little Gussie should come from out school already!

Mrs. N. (getting peeved)—Look at the cut av Tim, Anastasia. If he don't make th' rest av thim gossoons look cheap.

Mrs. A. (flaring up)—What iss it, you say? No words iss yet a insult from a Irisher—yet shall you not insult me. It iss a free country we are in—it iss—

Mrs. N. (wading in)—Go wan, make th' attimp to call me somethin'—ye'll find th' ar-rums av Della Noonan ain't been pettin' a washboard twinty years f'r nothin'!

Mrs. C. (anticipating a pleasant scrap)—I tak-a your hand. You my friend-a. You the friend of Italy. I help-a you fight the enemy.

Mrs. N. (grasping the hand)—Shure! Ain't we th' Aleas?

Mrs. A. (choking and spluttering)—On the program paper it stands "Gustave Arbeit, student from honor." There iss no Irisher student from honor. To Heidelberg shall my Gussie——

Mrs. N. (warily)—Anastasia, is it names the divil's callin' me?

Mrs. H. (in obedience to her President's request)—It isn't very nice for you ladies to quarrel. This is a neutral country. We are glad to harbor you all, no matter what your nationality, but——

Mrs. A. (with scorn)—Glad! Iss it! Who sells you once your fine delicatessen?

Mrs. N. (fiercely) — Glad! An' phwhere would yer po'lice force be if th' Irish stopped comin'?

Mrs. C. (taking her cue)—Who sell-a you the fin-a banan'? The fin-a peanut? The fin-a spaghet'——

Mrs. H. (weakly)—I resign. Chautauqua for mine!

Editorials by Women

THE HEALTH DEPARTMENT AND THE DRINKING MOTHER

By Sophie Irene Loeb.

THE Health Department this week has started a crusade against intemperance—as a factor in the public health. One specific statement made by the department is startling. It is this:

"Drinking mothers lose twice as many babies as do sober mothers."

It is well that the propaganda prepared by the Health Department is an educational one. The movement is not intended to moralize on drinking generally, nor is it directed against temperate drinkers.

A committee was organized for the sole purpose of carrying out a definite programme of work along educational lines, among all classes.

According to this, mothers will be the chief beneficiaries of this instruction. It is a step in the right direction. It is the ounce of prevention in the growth of the child that saves the pound of cure in the criminal man. According to the findings of the Board of Health:

"The children of drinkers develop more slowly and do poorer school work than do the children of abstainers. More alcoholism is found in the parents of feeble-minded children than in the parents of normal children."

It is a crusade to alleviate community care, in the interest of the children who need the fighting chance for health and future citizenship.

It deserves co-operation on the part of the parent as well as of the general public.

The Stories Of Stories

Plots of Immortal Fiction Masterpieces

By Albert Payson Terhune

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NO. 20.—THE SIRE DE MALETROIT'S DOOR; by Robert Louis Stevenson.

YOUNG DENIS DE BEAULIEU, one cold night in 1429, found himself on a strange street of the old French city with a band of over-zealous night watchmen at his heels. He brushed against a house door that swung open at his touch. Denis darted across the threshold and shut the door behind them. The watchmen passed on down the street still searching for him. Then Denis tried to slip out into the street again. But try as he would he could not open the door. A hidden catch held it shut.

There was nothing for him to do but to make his presence known to the people of the house. Accordingly he climbed the broad stairs and walked into the first room at the top. There at a table sat an aged man who smiled at him in a placidly malevolent way that Denis found vaguely irritating. This annoyance increased when the old man greeted him as "nephew."

From the armorial bearings on the mantel the intruder knew he was in the house of the famous Sire de Maletroit. His host led him to the next room, which was fitted up as a chapel. Kneeling at the altar and weeping heart-brokenly was a beautiful girl in bridal dress. The Sire de Maletroit announced that he had brought her bridegroom to her. The girl shrank back crying:

A Strange Betrothal.

"That is not the man! I have never seen this person till this moment."

"To speak for myself, I have never had that pleasure," stammered Denis.

"I am distressed to hear of it," sneered the old man who evidently did not believe either of them. "But it is never too late to begin. I will give him two hours to make up for lost time before we proceed with the ceremony." Denis protested in a bewilderment of rage, refusing to marry any woman against her will, and demanding an explanation. The old man merely pointed to a hallway full of armed men, and gave Denis his choice of marrying the weeping girl—Blanche de Maletroit, the Sire's orphaned niece and ward—at dawn or of dying at that same hour. After which he stumped out of the room leaving the young people to their two hours of grace.

Briefly Blanche explained the situation to the wondering youth. In church she had glanced at a handsome captain who had been ogling her. Emboldened by her glance he had followed her home and this very morning at church he had covertly handed her a note. Her uncle had seen the action and later had wrested the bit of paper from her hand.

The note had contained a request that Blanche leave the house door open that evening and that she steal a few moments to talk to the captain on the stairs. Reading the note her uncle had jumped to false conclusions. He thought the family honor was at stake. So he had arranged that the door should be left open and that the arriving lover should marry Blanche or die.

Denis de Beaulieu heard the story with an odd contraction at the heart. For he realized that now he had fallen in love, at sight, with the luckless girl. To marry her would have been bliss. But to marry her unloved and to save his own life would be the deed of a cur. So, gently he assured her that he would not obey her uncle's wish and that he did not fear death. As a last favor he begged that she spend what was left of their two hours in talking to him as with any other friend.

Long and intimately they talked there in the dim-lit room, these two who had been thrown together so strangely. At last, with a start, Denis realized that day was dawning. Blanche faltered:

A Duel of Love and Pride.

"I loved you with my whole soul from the very moment that you took part against my uncle. But if you should go back from your word I would no more marry you than I would marry my uncle's groom."

"It is a small love," said he, "that shies at a little pride. Blanche, you have seen whether I fear death. But if you care for me do not let me lose my life in a misapprehension. For I love you better than the whole world. Though I would die for you blithely, it would be like all the joys of Paradise to live on and spend my life in your service."

She crept into his arms and he covered her face with kisses. As they stood thus Sire de Maletroit hobbled in from the adjoining room and gayly wished his new nephew good morning.

How to Keep Baby Well

(Copyright, 1915, Marion T. D. Barton.)

By Marion Barton

The Technique of Bottle-Feeding.

THE test whether any milk "agrees" with baby is the scale. Weigh your baby weekly, but don't worry if he has not gained in July—even robust children do well if they hold their weight in hot weather. Nerve force of babies is limited and in summer time has constantly to choose between spending itself on nutrition or self-defense against heat.

Since cow's milk is curdier than mother's, it must be diluted. Up to three months doctors usually order boiled cool water; after that barley water.

With a knife level off a tablespoonful of patent barley, creaming it in a little water to prevent lumps. Stir it into a quart of boiling water in a double kettle, salt it, and cook half an hour. Strain, add boiling water to make up the quart and preserve in a boiled, capped milk bottle on ice.

Lime water, a trusty diluent from birth to solid food, counteracts the natural acidity of cow's milk, emulsifies curds past the gate-end of baby's stomach, and gives material for teeth and bones.

Early every morning while you sterilize bottles, corks, nipples and all utensils used by boiling them twenty minutes in a special dishpan, set out the ingredients and wash your hands before touching the milk. As soon as the utensils cool, take the precious quart of the ice and measure the amount ordered, whether "whole milk" (a shaken bottle) or "top" (upper creamy layers). Pour it in a pitcher, keeping some to dissolve milk sugar in, adding this. Halve the amount if cane sugar is used and make it a syrup. It is ailly to pay the price of clean milk and a formula and then put in it sugar handled and bagged by a grocery clerk. Now measure the cooled barley water, add it, and then the lime water. Bottle all feedings needed in twenty-four hours, watching the ounce-scale blown in the side for accuracy; then cork, and set the rack on ice.

On muggy days doctors usually decrease milk amounts and increase diluents. To warm feedings stand them in a bowiful of hot water, testing for body heat by dropping some on the back of your hand.